[Vol. 1.] THE [No. 16.]

WEEKLY VISITANT.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 19, 1806.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

In taking a retrospective view of this great Theatre of action, and seriously reflecting on the motives by which that thinking machine, man, is actuated, one cannot forbear smiling at the characters which some are disposed to perform, without once enquiring of themselves, am I qualified for the part ?—I frequently amuse myself by perusing the communications in the Miscellanies of the day, and have often been instructed and profited. At one time, I have been delighted at the sound reasoning, elegant diction, and liberal sentiment of the writer ; at another, I have *wondered* at the sublimity of thought, *subtility* of mind, and manner of expression ; which was altogether above my feeble comperhension, and I could account for it upon no other principle, than that

"Writing, in its obscurest state,
Is most admir'd, and wonder'd at."

We often see one, who fancies himself a *profound* philosopher, and that too of the dogmatical kind. Full fraught with philosophy, and fond of shewing his *learning*, he entertains us with dissertations and essays upon almost every subject ; I have followed a declaimer of this kind, through all the mazes of *refined learning* which emanated from his disordered brain ; I have travelled so high that I fairly lost sight of him, and began to suspect that he had been swallowed by what the "knowing ones" call "*Vortices ;*" or had gone where Milton tells us all vain and empty things go :

——"Up whirl'd aloft,
Fly o'er the backside of the world, far off,
Into a limbo, large and broad, since call'd
The Paradise of Fools.—"

Whether he really visited that place or not, I cannot tell ; but be that as it may, I found him at last upon earth——chasing a *mole*—and notwithstanding all this flight of genius, this poetical inspiration, he was never a whit higher than when he set out ; and proved himself to be nothing more nor less than a mere "scribbling elf."

In this respect, he labored under the same misfortune which Hudibras did, who,

"When with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk."

For although there might have been something, (for ought I know) of the *sublime*, in all his rhapsodies, yet I have never been able to discover it. It is effectually secured from the visual rays of the *prying vulgar*.

On the other hand, we are often pleased by the humble expressions of a sensible author, who, having divested himself of all fantastical and airy ideas, exhibits Truth, with force and magnitude, and yet, in such a manner, that he imperceptibly impresses on our minds, the validity of his maxims. Instead of soaring in the *airy* regions of bombast, he contents himself by humbly travelling in the paths of simplicity. His enemies are struck at his candour, his friends, at his sincerity. As an author, he is entertaining, and instructive ; and if ever his opinion differs from that of others, he is candid, but no less strong in argument, generous, but no less independent in sentiment.

HIRAX.

Washington Street, April 16.

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FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

THE SOCIAL TRUANT::::No. 2.

MR. EDITOR,

Being out one evening, of late, I noticed at several corners of the streets, a number of young persons, who appeared to me to have lain aside all regard for decency, and to have entirely forgotten, that they were capable of moral or rational reflection. My ears were at one place stunned with oaths and imprecations, which could not fail to "make boil the blood" of any person who entertained the least regard for religion or morality. At another, I was astonished to hear persons, who, in other respects, had the outward appearance of having been well-bred, scandalizing every passenger, and endeavoring to place in a ridiculous light every one who passed by them; especially those whom they are bound "by every tender tie" to protect, THE LADIES. Dorcthy is dressed too plain, Cynthia has an ugly gait, Belinda's dress is too rich and *flashy*, Sophronia affects too much modesty, &c. Even natural deformity cannot escape the ordeal of their cynical fancies—and what renders these things still more odious is, the sarcasm is very often uttered in the hearing of the person at whom it is aimed. Ought these things so to be?

Some ladies too, or those who would perhaps wish to be called ladies, are not exempt from censure for the manner in which they treat those whom they chance to meet. Often as I pass them I hear a *hectic giggle*, aimed at the singularity of my three-cornered hat, or some part of my dress which happens not to be in *style*. As a slight hint (I hope) is sufficient upon this point, I will not enlarge upon it.

ZELAHAH.

From my Cockloft, April 15, 1806.

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FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

TO TIM CONSIDERATION.

SIR,

For particular reasons I am once more induced to address you ; for however free people may feel themselves to think and to act, to choose and refuse, still they find that necessity is a tyrant that avails itself of their imperfections and wants to controul and enslave them. For my own part, I see no reason (and I am free to declare it) why we should be confined to the gothic superstition of our ancestors. If, as you have hinted, and another writer in the Visitant has justified, a young lady should "make the first advances," in a certain case where her happiness very essentialiy depends, where is the impropriety? Where is the sin? We have no account which of our first pa-

rents made the first advances. Is it not as probable, that it was Eve as Adam? From whence comes this tyranical, this execrable custom? Besides, how many have been rendered useless members of society, because they dare not transgress the bounds of this detestable custom! Yes, many an amiable female, to my knowledge, has been laid in the dust, because custom had forbidden her to express that affection, which to disappoint, when once placed, is death. Don't think strange at my openly confessing my sentiments; for I believe it to be the feelings of many, although they may fear to declare them.

In many things, friend Tim, we agree. Should it be agreeable, I should be happy to have a private conversation on the subject. I am to be seen in Essex-street. *Your's, &c.*

ANN GOODINTENT.

LITERARY AMUSEMENT.

THE DAUGHTER,

OR

A MODERN ROMANCE.

[*Concluded.*]

One day, as Melville's eyes wandered from her portrait to her face, his involuntary sigh was audible. She had observed him. You find(she said,with a faint smile) some difference in those features and in the face they once animated. Ah! nothing but the absence of returning health, replied Melville. Never will health return (she continued) to the heart that is sick with hopelessness. That portrait was once a semblance of this face, but this face, Melville, will never resemble that portrait. My friend, feel this pulse! She gracefully stretched her arm with a collected air, and her eyes looked with a softness she had never yet suffered to beam on Melville. He took her hand; his finger trembled on the irregular pulsation; his breath was suspended; his voice was extinguished; a tear hung on his eye.

Feel this pulse! (said Clarissa, with a firm tone.) Melville, are *you* not well? And does my friend see ought alarming in the death I hold so dear? Alas! I have learnt how to die, for I have been a sufferer in this life.

Clarissa! Clarissa! (exclaimed Melville) spare a wounded soul! The spring returns, and your favourite forest path is covered with primroses, and every thorn is in flower. You have been too long confined to your apartment; there one can seldom escape from oneself; but in the fields we yield to Nature. Yes! I shall again meet this portrait in our walks.

Never, Melville, never!—Has that portrait some interesting features? I can speak of it as of one departed. It was painted when my heart was innocent—ere I yet knew *to love!*

To love! (exclaimed Melville) and have you known the passion of love?

The face of Clarissa was covered with blushes. The *idea* familiar to her mind had never yet found *language*. She rose hastily, and assuming a serious air, but ill concealed the embarassments of her heart, she murmured, Melville! should I not love? am I not the wife of Horatio? The rights of a husband?—Melville, I love—as I ought to love!—Her hurried ideas confused her expressions, and she retired abruptly.

After this event Clarissa perceived the dangerous connexion she had formed with Melville. Her frame, too exhausted to suffer those trials of sentiment, suffered the last pang of virtue in desiring Melville to suspend his visits, till she gained sufficient strength to join in their usual conversations.

Behold the wretched Melville, exiled even by the voice of his mistress! The confused avowal of Clarissa was ambiguous. He thought it might be a passion for himself; but when this came combined with the idea of her death a deep dejection settled on his senses. But often he considered it only as a confidence of friendship, and that she had loved ere she was sacrificed to Horatio.

Their grounds were joined, and Melville, denied the sight of Clarissa, found some pleasure in wandering near her residence; to the eye of a lover the habitation of his mistress is not viewed without emotion.

One still summer evening he roamed into the grounds of Horatio. He heared only the light airs stiring along their leafy passage, while the full moon was up, and a floating light illumined the distant lake. This elysian repose in that tender day-light touched the melancholy Melville.

There was an arbour which had been a favourite seat with Clarissa and himself. He would not enter it ; it reminded him of her too forcibly. But he could not quit the spot, and seating himself near it, inhaled its deep fragrance, and gazed where the moon, gleaming through the leaves, poured in the shadowy bower, a tremulous day. Half concealed by the umbrage Melville discovered Clarissa !

Her face rested on her arm, her eyes were raised to heaven. She sighed, and it vibrated through the deep silence ; inconsciously Melville sighed, and Clarissa inclining her ear fancied she listened to an echo. Melville had retired quickly, had his steps not been arrested by the plaintive voice he loved.

And has a soul (Clarissa exclaimed) been given to endure a constancy of suffering ? Thou heaven ! art my witness, as thou art my judge. I love another than my husband ; and shall the guilt rest on my head ? If this thought be a crime, then am I a criminal ! for often thoughts, most guilty thoughts have inflamed the chasteness of my blood. A word, a gesture from him I love, had proved fatal !

I struggled till my heart sunk. How often have I resisted the dangerous logic the heart knows to invent ! It complained of the injustice it suffered, and it rose in rebellion. Yes, the heart knows no laws ; but I would not plead *the error of a father* for the *crime of a daughter !*

Victim of filial obedience ! I shed the purest tears on THE ROSES I grafted on THE OAK ! and to please a parent I was willing to accept a certain misery.

Yet in youth I *felt* I was born *one day to love !* To teach myself to interest the being I pictured to myself, I cultivated the endearments of my companions, for I thought that friendship would gently open my soul to love. I practised a thousand attentions of their wants, that I might one day make the felicity of another's the sweet habitude of my soul. Melville ! Melville ! thou wert loved before thou wert known !

O God, thou who hast witnessed all, wilt mercifully cleanse a heart *stained* with thoughts indeed—but it is not *rotten* with corruption ! My martyred spirit accepts the death thou hast sent ! Yet, yet, it cherishes the crime it dies—not to commit ! And Melville's name still delights my ear ! The parting soul turns from the contemplation of its God—to the memory of a man !

She now having given a voice to her feelings, quitted the arbour, and left Melville motionless. Now all that had past was intelligible ! In the horror of his mind, the thought of being loved, gave a faint pleasure to his heart—faint and not chearful—like the flame of a sepulchral lamp.

The feeling mind will wish to close the melancholy tale. Who loves to view virtue unhappy ? Not long after this accidental view Melville had of his mistress, he saw her corspe carried to the grave ! His first meeting with the only woman by whom he knew himself to have been beloved was at her tomb !—In that tomb he has buried all his passions. He has quit a world Clarissa no more inhabits ! sometimes he is a wanderer in the light of the moon, and sometimes glides into the arbour Love has made holy, to think and to mourn—like that hermit-bird, who haunts desolate spots, the human MONATHREN *sits alone to lament**.

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* The MONATHREN is vulgarly called the *solitary sparrow ;* as such birds are found in Greece, a Greek name is given to them, from two Greek words which signify ALONE and TO LAMENT. Linnæus calls it "*Lanius infaustus.*" It usually sits alone on the tops of old buildings, and on roofs of churches, singing very sweetly, especially in a morning. It is known in Germany, and the nothern nations, under the name of THE HERMIT, or THE BIRD OF MISFORTUNE.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE TORMENTOR.

BY S. OSBORNE.

A PETRIFYING plague there is,
Which sours the sweetest cup of bliss
And clouds life's brightest sun;
Of happiness the worst alloy,
The mortal foe of every joy,
Videlicit—a *dun.*

Not old MEDUSA's fabled head
Whose dreadful eyes could turn, 'tis said,
The boldest form to stone, [ty'd
E'er quench'd the blaze of mirth, or
With magic spell, the form of pride
Like this aforesaid *dun!*

Hard fares, alas! the luckless wight,
Whose steps can, neither day nor night,
This rude tormentor shun;
Who, at each corner, crook, and turn,
Where'er his weary feet sojourn,
Is haunted by a *dun!*

AMBITION drops her busy schemes,
AVARICE awakes from golden dreams,
Blithe WIT abjures his fun,
PRIDE sinks her bold aspiring crest,
E'en potent GENIUS stoops, oppress,
Before the mighty *dun!*

MUSE! tell how oft thy angel song
Has led my captive soul along,
With more than mortal tone,
How I, entrac'd, while thou hast smil'd
Have wak'd—the sweet enchantment [spoil'd
By an intruding *dun!*

Let toil my haggard limbs embrown,
Let want and sickness weigh me down,
Gout, fever, cholic, stone;
Give me a *scold*, in marriage noose,
And e'en *Old Nick* himself let loose,
But save me from a *dun!*

SONNET.

From the Spanish of Cervantes.

BY MR. PYE.

Mother, with watchful eye you strive
My freedom to restrain;
But now, unless *I guard myself*,
Your guard will be but vain:

It has been said, and reason's voice
Confirms the ancient lay,
Nor will confinement's rigid hand
Enflame the wish to stay.

Love, once oppress'd, will soon encrease,
And strengh superior gain;
'Twere better far, believe my voice,
To give my will the rein;
For if I do not guard myself,
Your guard will be but vain.

For her, who will not guard herself,
No other guard you'll find;
Cunning and fear will weak be found
To chain the active mind.
Tho' death himself should bar my way,
His menace I'd disdain;
Then learn that till I guard myself
Your guard will still be vain.

The raptur'd heart which once has felt
A sense of love's delight,
Flies like the moth's impetuous wing,
To find the taper's light.
A thousand guards, a thousand cares,
Will ne'er the will restrain,
For if I do not guard myself,
All other guards are vain.

Such is the all-controling force
Of Love's resistless storm,
It gives to Beauty's fairest shape
The dire Chimera's form.
To wax the melting breast it turns,
Flame o'er the cheek is spread,
With hands of wool she opes the door,
On felt the footsteps tread.
Then try no more with fruitless care
My wishes to restrain,
For *if I do not guard myself*,
Your guard will be but vain.

TO A FLY,

Who destroyed itself by entering a lady's eye.

Giddy trifler, cease thy strife,
Turn thy wing and save thy life;
Should'st thou enter Clara's eye,
That might suffer thou must die.

Is a summer's day too long
For thee to live thy tribes among?
Is there not, in all the air,
Room enough, and room to spare?

Wilt thou buzz about her still;
Silly creature, take thy will;
And warn all triflers, as you die,
What dangers lurk in Clara's eye.

SELECTIONS FOR THE VISITANT.

Some account of Thomas Inglefield, who was born without arms or legs.

THOMAS INGLEFIELD was born Dec. 18, 1769, at Haok, in Hampshire, (Eng.) He came into the world, without either arms or legs. Though nature, by denying those members, appeared to have rendered him unfit for almost all the purposes of life, yet she had bestowed on him such industry and ingenuity, that notwithstanding the great disadvantages under which he laboured, he acquired the arts of writing and drawing. For a person in this situation, these exertions appear almost incredible; but it is not less true, that Mr. Inglefield himself, etched portraits and other drawings very neatly. The manner in which, by long practice, he attained the facility of performing these operations, was by holding his pencil between the stump of his left arm and his cheek, and guiding it with the muscles of his mouth.

Mr. Inglefield resided, some years since, at No. 8 in Chapel street, London, and was visited by most of the nobility and gentry, to witness his performances, by which he obtained many presents; but whether he is still living or not, we have not been able to ascertain.

Many instances of ingenuity of persons in a similar situation, both in this and in foreign countries, might be adduced: one or two will suffice:—

Joseph Fahaye was born at Spa—and exhibited himself at Paris in 1779.—He was born without arms, but employed his feet for all the purposes of hands. He could help himself to eat and drink, take snuff, used a tooth-pick after his meals, mended his pens, and wrote a neat hand; he could thread a needle, and make a knot at the end of the thread with admirable dexterity; he could play at cards, tetotum, and cup and ball, could charge and fire a pistol, could spin wool and cotton and turn the wheel at the same time; he could carry a chain, and dig with a spade, and cultivate his garden himself. Before his removal to Paris, he had been the Schoolmaster of the village, where he generally had between fifty and sixty pupils.

A similar phenomenon was seen at Vienna, in the year 1777. It was a youug man, born without arms and hands, who painted portraits extremely well with his toes. Being born of a genteel family, he did not make an exhibition of himself, and only worked in the presence of his friends and acquaintance.

ANECDOTE OF MADAM DES HOULIERES.

Being about twenty leagues from Paris, she was informed an apparition was accustomed to walk every night in one of the chambers of the mansion house; and that, for a considerable time past, no person would venture to sleep there. As she was neither superstitious nor credulous, she had the curiosity, although pregnant then, to enquire into the reality of the fact, and insisted upon sleeping in that apartment. In the middle ot the night she hears the door open. She speaks; but the spectre answers not. It walks heavily on, and approaches with a growling noise. A table, which was at the feet of the bed, is overturned, and the curtains are half opened. She listens with an attentive ear. A moment after the candle-stand, which was by the bedside, is overset, and the phantom approaches nearer. Little dismayed at this, she stretches forth her two hands, to know whether it had a palpable form. In groping thus, she seized the two ears of the spectre, without much resistance. The ears were long and hairy, and led her to conjecture much. She durst not withdraw one of her hands, to touch the rest of its body, for fear that it should escape; and that she might not lose the object of her resolute enterprize, she continued in this painful attitude till morning. At length, when day-light appeared, she discovered that the author of these alarms was a large dog, gentle enough, who, not liking to sleep in the air, was accustomed to seek shelter in this chamber, the door of which was not locked. The next day, our heroine rallied her friends for their terrors, and left them in the highest astonishment at her resolution.

ON THE FAIR SEX HAVING NO SOULS.

(From Curiosities of Literature.)

A Spanish author has affirmed, that *brutes* have no souls ; a French writer supports the same opinion ; but an Italian, more bold, has ventured to maintain that the *fair sex* have likewise no souls, and are of another species of animal to man. This the author shews by various proofs drawn from the scriptures which he explains according to his own fancy. While this book was published in Latin, the Inquisition remained silent ; but, when it was translated into the vulgar tongue, they censured and prohibited it. The Italian ladies were divided, on this occasion, into two opposite parties : the one was greatly enraged to be made so inferior to the other sex : and the other, considering themselves only as mere *machines*, were content to amuse themselves in playing off the springs in the manner most agreeble to themselves.

The author of the Commintary on the epistles of St. Paul, safsely ascribed to St. Ambrose, says, on the 11th chapter of the first epistle of the Corinthians, that *women* are not made according to the image of the creator.

The Mahometans are known to hold the same opinions concerning the souls of the female sex, and likewise the Jews. Very ungallantly, each Jew, among his morning benedictions, includes one, *to thank God he has not made him a woman.*

I must confess, it is a difficult task to resolve if—

> "*This novelty on earth, this fair defect*
> *Of nature*————" MILTON.

are deprived of souls :

> "*For 'tis in vain to think to guess*
> *At women by* APEARANCES :
> *That paint and patch their imperfections*
> *Of intellectual complexions ;*
> *And daub their tempers o'er with washes,*
> *As artificial as their faces.*" HUDIBRAS.

Let us, however, conclude that, if they are not themselves in possession of a *soul*, they not unfrequently seem to infuse one into the most unanimated of men. It is their white hand which distributes with peculiar grace the laurels of the poet and hero. Through all classes of mankind their power is alike displayed ; the smiles of his *Nancy* animate the *sailor* and the *soldier*, as well as those of *Laura* and *Geraldinne* the *bard* and the *hero :* and, to finish by another quotation, let us acknowledge, then, that when our sire

> "*Wander'd in the solitary shade,*
> *The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd*
> WOMAN, *the last, the* BEST RESERVE OF GOD."

A FORTUNATE JOKE.

Dr. Flamstead was many years Astronomer Royal at Greenwich Observatory ; a humourist, and of warm passions : persons of his profession are often supposed, by the vulgar people, to be capable of foretelling events. To this persuasion, a poor washer-woman at Greenwich, who had been robbed one night, of a large parcel of linen, to her almost ruin, if forced to pay for it, came to him, and with great anxiety earnestly requested him to use his art, to let her know where her things were, and who robbed her : The Doctor happened to be in the humour to joke ; he bid her stay, he would see what he could do, perhaps he might let her know where she might find them ; but who the persons were he would not undertake to say, as she could not have any positive proof to convict them, it would be needless. He then set about drawing circles, squares, &c. to amuse her, and after some time told her, if she would go into a particular field, that in such a part of it, in a dry ditch she would find them all bundled up in a sheet : the woman went and found them, came with great haste and joy to thank the Doctor, and offered him half a crown, as a token of gratitude, being as much as she could afford. The Doctor, surprised himself, told her, "Good woman, I am heartily glad you have found your things, but I assure you I knew nothing of it, and only

intended to joke with you, and then to have read you a lecture on the folly of applying to any person to know events, not in the human power to tell; but I see the devil has a mind I should deal with him—I am determined I will not, so never come, or send any one to me, any more on such occasions, for I never will attempt such another affair again whilst I live."

This story Dr. Flamstead told the Rev. and learned Mr. Whiston, his intimate friend.

GARDENER'S CALENDAR.

We have read with much pleasure, a work just published in Philadelphia, by Bernard M'Mahon, Nursery, Seedsman and Florist, entitled, "The American Gardener's Calendar; adapted to the climates and seasons of the United States." We have received from it both amusement and information in the variety and usefulness of the matter it contains. It is the result of thirty years experience, and of experiments instituted by a scientific mind. It contains the most complete account of the work necessary to be done in the Kitchen-Garden, Fruit-Garden, Orchard, Vineyard, Nursery, Pleasure-Ground, Flower-Garden, Green-House, Hot-House, and Forcing Frames, for every month in the year; and as it is adadted to the climates of the United States, we think it better calculated for real use than any work of the kind we have hitherto met with of the same size. The principles of Horticulture and Botany will be easily and agreeably acquired by this work;—and we therefore recommend it to our readers. [*Charleston Courier.*

REMARK.

The most unhappy effect of fashionable politene ssis, that it teaches us the art of dispensing with the virtues it imitates. Let us be educated to cherish the principles of benevolence and humanity, and we shall have politeness enough, or shall stand in no need of it.

MARRIAGES.

At Lynafield, Mr. Matthew Cox, to Miss Elizabeth Motty, daughter of Rev. Joseph Motty.

In this town, Mr. Stephen Burchmore, to Miss Hannah Dunham. Mr. Philip Kimball, to Mrs. Hannah Willard. Mr. William Babbidge, to Miss Mary Bateman.

DEATHS.

At New-York, Gen. HORATIO GATES, æt. 78. In Boston, Walter Piper, rigger, æt. 88. Simeon Skillin, carver, æt. 50.

At Calcutta, Mr. John Hare, æt. 20, of this town.

In this town, Master Clifford Crowninshield Mosely, æt. 10, a promising son of the late Capt. Joseph Mosely.

On Sunday evening last, Capt. BENJAMIN HODGES, æt. 52. His death is universally considered a public loss, and his memory will be dear to all who knew him.

At Andover, Miss Nancy Allen, of this town, æt. 22, daughter of the late Capt. Edward Allen.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Somebody" *may rest assured that no "embargo" shall be placed by us on candid enquiries after truth.*

"A. C. R." *is inadmissable.*

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